

The
Student's Pen



March 1960

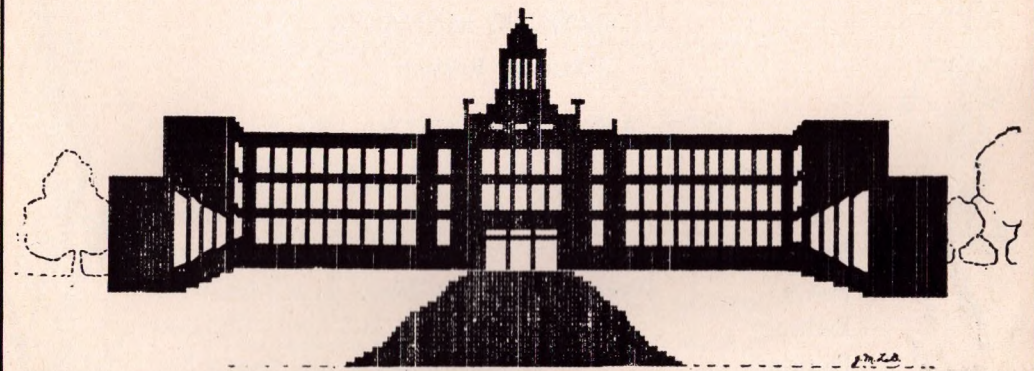
The Student's Pen

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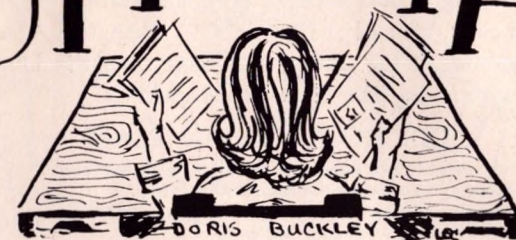


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EDITORIALS



Segregation at Pittsfield High

ALL Pittsfield High is divided into two parts. In the front yard, in the cafeteria, at the drinking fountains, in the back courtyards, there are invisible barriers which are as effective as any actual ropes. Boys only. Girls only. Of course, a certain amount of division is logical and natural. The boys enter the east front door because their lockers are on the east, near the shops. The girls' lockers and courtyards are on the west, where the commercial and home-making subjects are taught. Boys entering the cafeteria by the "back" door find it natural to go through the nearer lunch line.

But cannot this conformity be carried too far? Why should a boy who is walking with his girl be embarrassed to enter by the girls' door? Why should the boys from the shops who eat during second lunch stand in a long line at one end of the cafeteria while on the girls' side there is only an occasional teacher buying coffee? Yet let someone suggest that some of the boys go through the other side, and only two or three boys, accompanied by snickers and stares, sheepishly cross the cafeteria for their meal. Why should a girl who is going to the east side of the building not use the boys' stairs, which are closer to her destination? A sophomore was overheard: "Oh, I'm so thirsty I could almost drink from the boys' fountain." One girl, who went

through the boys' lunch line when there was no more cake on the other side, says she was so embarrassed that next time she will go without dessert. Another girl disposed of a boring companion merely by walking out the girls' door. Although seemingly not concerned about the opinions of others, he was afraid to "lose face" by going out the girls' door.

Why are the students of Pittsfield High so afraid to cross an invisible barrier created only by custom? Is conformity the highest virtue? Do the students of Pittsfield High expect to become great leaders, or even mature and responsible adults, by blindly following the dictates of popular opinion?

A CHANGE IN SIGHT

By Judith Oltsch, '61

March winds,
Fiercely cold,
Still shriek furiously down gray streets,
Pushing a whirlwind of white before them;
And yet there is a difference:—
The faintest hint of green touches the bare trees;
A warmer blue comes into the sky;
Ice begins to surrender to the sun
As Winter, dark and bleak,
Melts away into renewed Spring.

Destiny's Darlings

THE STUDENT'S PEN offers its heartiest congratulations to the players and coaches of the P.H.S. Basketball Team for their excellent showing in the Western Mass. Tournament.

Our plucky P.H.S. team, completely counted out at the beginning of the season, startled experts by first winning the City

Championship and then finishing in second place in the county contest. The experts looked at our little team (Dave Jacobs, 6 ft. 3 in. is the tallest member) and said, "Impossible!" With this "encouragement" ringing in their ears, the Underdog Team left for Springfield.

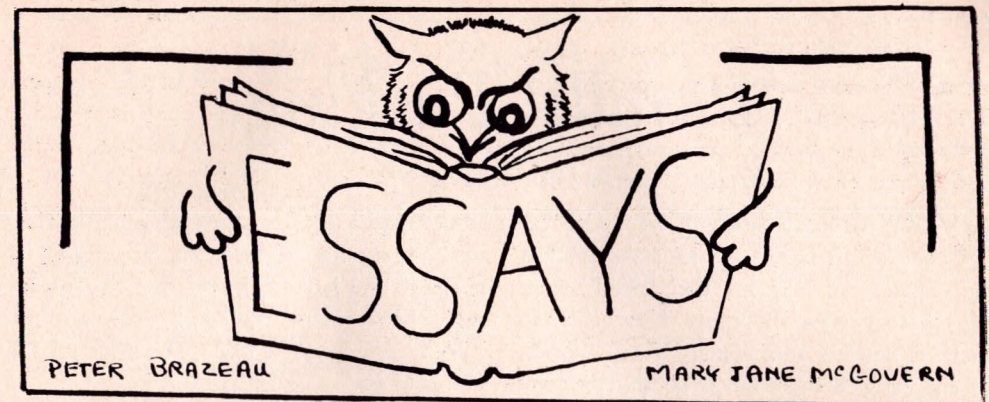
ODE TO A TROJAN TEAM

'Twas the night before game-time and all through the town
The "experts" were rating the team with a frown.
The sportsmen all said that it couldn't be done,
But Bruce Ochiano's big hour had come.
The bleachers were jam-packed with students and fans,
While Destiny's Darlings upset Worcester's plans
As Ochie, in the o'ertime, broke out from the group,
And just dribbled the court and wrapped up Pittsfield's coup.

—PITTSFIELD 40 WORCESTER 38—
Then Thursday arrived 'n' there was heard a great roar
As Holyoke's high hopes toppled down to the floor,
As Bob "Bearcat" Butler, rebounding supreme,
And Markie and Ochie were right on the beam.
The fans who had watched said they played like a dream,
Praised the wonderful job of our UNIFIED team.
As what to their wondering eyes did appear
But a fourteen point lead on the scoreboard so clear!

—PITTSFIELD 63 HOLYOKE 49—
And then little Dan Healy, the broadcasting guy,
Before all his listeners, he ate humble pie.
More rapid than eagles, supporters, they came
And they whistled, and shouted, and called them by name:
"Now Bobby, now Wally, now Ochie and Mancy,
On Jacobs, on Markie, on Doughty, get fancy!
To the top of the tournament, that is our goal!
Now set 'em and shoot 'em! To Boston we'll roll!
As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky,
So up to the roof-tops, the high hopes, they flew
As the team prayed for vict'ry and the critics did, too.
And then, in a twinkling, the big night was here
And John and his moose-horn and Dick with his cheers.
As we yelled in the stands and sat squirming around,
On the ball court the Pittsfield team came with a bound.
They were dressed all in black from their heads to their feet.
(You could tell they'd be fighting for victory sweet.)
They peeled off their warm-ups and took to the court
And the cheerleaders set up to lend their support.
The team, how they battled! The Smith boys, how tall!
Our boys fought like Trojans, but "you can't win 'em all!"

—PITTSFIELD 57 SMITH 65—
The clock had run out and the Smith boys were white,
For, although they had won, it had sure been a fight!
The big number nine bore the marks of the fray
When our boys, although down, showed they weren't there to stay!
They had fought to the end like the champions they are!
And team, to the fans you'll forever be stars!
You were plucky and smooth, a remarkable crew!
And your play, in the tight spots, 'll be equalled by few!
A thrill in the first, and then that upset
Gave the tournament fans a thrill they won't forget!
The underdog team sure went straight to its work
And made all the "experts" a big bunch of jerks!
And though they're not wearing the Western Mass. crown
And going to Boston, still tournament bound,
To us they're the champs; of our team we're most proud!
They still are the tops, and we'll shout their praise loud!
Although they didn't win, they're not losers, we'll boast!
Three big cheers for the team! To us, they're THE MOST!



Substitute

By Pammela Leger, '60

A DEJECTED silence hung over the team's bus. The coach went from boy to boy trying to cheer each one up, but for one boy there could be no cheering.

Bill sat alone in the back of the bus. In his mind he replayed the last few minutes of the game . . .

There were two minutes and fifteen seconds left in the game. The score had been close all the way; now the opposing team was ahead 56 to 54. Bill was on the bench as he had been all night; only the regulars had played.

The seconds ticked off; a foul on the other team. Jim tried the shot. It was in! Now the score was 56 to 55. Both sides sank baskets—58 to 57.

Then it happened! There was a fight for the ball. Jim fell. When he rose again, he limped—he had sprained his ankle. He was out of the game!

The coach's hand had fallen on Bill's shoulder. He was to be the substitute! The coach's instructions were indelibly printed in his brain.

"Try not to foul your man. If you get a chance at a basket, do your best. Go to it!"

Forty-five seconds were left in the game when he went in. The ball passed in and out of his hand a few times, then with less than

a second left he had the ball and a clear shot at the basket. Bill shot, the ball rolled around the rim and—out. Then the final buzzer sounded and the game was over; they had lost 58 to 57.

He had had his chance and missed. He would never become a regular now . . .

Then the coach was sitting beside him and saying, "Bill, it will be some time before Jim is able to play again. I want you to take his place."

The coach was gone and Bill remembered what the coach had said, "... do your best." He had done his best and that was all that mattered.



Parallel Parking

By Doris Buckley, '60

EVERY Saturday morning an event occurs which is enough to make all but the experienced long for their psychiatrist. My mother goes shopping. Now this, in itself, is nothing spectacular. Many women go shopping. Some women go shopping by walking upstreet. Some women take a taxi. Some go by bus. But my mother goes by car.

After several false starts, what with returns to the house for car keys, pocketbook, shopping list, and money, Mom blithely leaves again—for—Pittsfield.

Then it begins. When we hit the city, we start looking for a parking space. It seems as if everyone has come to Pittsfield by car today. After Mom drives around the park four or five times, always arriving at a parking space just too late, and after she makes at least eight fruitless trips up North Street and many more up side streets, she finds a parking space. Granted, it is a half mile or so from the store, but it is, nevertheless, a space.

Now, to get into it. We sneak up on it. We try to slip in quickly and quietly. But that would never do. After our first try is an obvious failure, we find that every shopper in Pittsfield is waiting in long lines following and approaching us. They have, for some unknown reason, chosen this exact minute and this exact street by which to leave the city.

At first, they are just tired motorists quietly waiting to get home. Then their expressions look rather doubtful. They become really exasperated, however, when Mom starts her seventh try. On the tenth attempt to park, they turn into monsters, growling, tearing their hair, and screaming directions.

Oblivious to the noise, Mom starts her thirteenth try. She calmly turns the wheel with all her strength, straining and groaning as if she were pulling an elephant. After

stopping two feet from the curb—on the sidewalk—she pulls forward, the car lunging off the curb and jarring the teeth of the passengers. Mom steps out and looks around. "Well," she says, "I call that a pretty good job. Let's go."

So what if the car is four feet from the curb? We have to have a little room to open the doors, you know. And who cares if there is only room for one way traffic?

The monsters who have been raging for the last ten minutes pass by, staring and glaring at my mom and mumbling, "Women drivers!!"

My sister asks, "Do you think that if we put a penny in his parking meter, the driver of the car ahead of us would overlook that scratch in his 1960, super-duper chrome bumper?"

I sigh and trudge after Mom, another Saturday ordeal happily over.

'AH-H-H, ANOTHER DAY'

By Marie Lingoski, '60

Do you ever have a day
When all bad things come your way
And you feel that you will never make it home?

All your lessons are done wrong;
Each short period seems long;
And your mind can't think, so all it does is roam.

The rare type of day's not new
To a choice selected few
Who are always in their grief and sorrow.

For these souls I have a word
Which I hope will be well heard:
"Don't you fret, dear friends. Cheer up;
there's still tomorrow!"

Life With An Editor

By Claire Buckley, '62

As told to Doris Buckley, '60

"COMMA" . . . "New Sentence" . . . "Varied Style" . . . Oh! life with an editor! Our home has become one great English class since that monster—the Editor-In-Chief—arose.

Take for instance, the other night. I was peacefully writing an article for the god of the Buckleys, THE STUDENT'S PEN.

"Hey, Sis, listen to this. Tell me what you think." (As if I had to ask) "Linda . . ."

"No, no! not Linda! That's trite. Vary sentence structure! Provide interest in the opening sentence!"

"O.K. The pretty blonde girl said . . ."

"Stop! Not 'said'! Don't you know I have over 200 synonyms for said? Variety! Variety! And be more mature! This is sixth grade material."

"O.K. The pulchritudinous platinum-tressed female . . ."

"Wait! 'Pulchritudinous'?"

"From the Latin, *pulcher*?" I asked hopefully.

"Cut." (Newspaper jargon for omit).

"O.K."

This continued for about two hours. Finally I had read my beautiful ten page short story. It had been cut, rewritten, and corrected.

I looked at my notes. One line remained—"by Claire Buckley, '60." I stared at this line for a moment, and muttered to myself, "Cut!" I scratched out the line and wrote, "As told to Doris Buckley, '60."

From the Red and Black

Z-z-z-z. Don't like the teacher, the subject's too deep.
I'd skip the class, but I need the sleep.

HOW ABOUT A STUDENT DAY?

Many thoughts have arisen as to the possibility of a Student Day, where students replace the principal, teachers, and other school officials. After an interesting survey, we have received various reactions from some P.H.S. teachers.

Mr. Brophy—"Isn't that what it is every day?"

Mr. Moynihan—"It would be an excellent opportunity for the students to get a real insight into education."

Mr. Enos—"A marvelous adventure for the pupils to see if the grass is really greener in the other fellow's yard."

Mr. Blowe—"In practice I'm doubtful of the outcome; in theory it's sound."

Miss Millet—"Fine. I'd like to see the students move the checking lines."

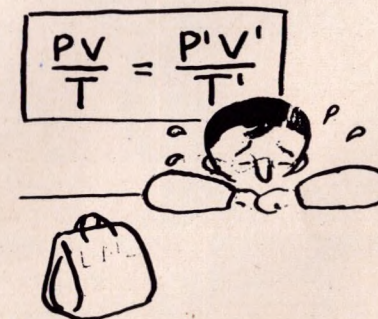
Mr. Wayne—"I think it would be wonderful. It would give the students an idea of the problems involved in running a school."

Miss Hoffman—"Excellent practice for someone who is planning a teacher's career."

Mr. Jaehnert—"If they take it seriously, I think it's a good idea. It's always nice to know how the other fellow lives."

Miss Kaliher—"Could we take the day off? . . . Oh, I think it's wonderful! All I want is to stay at home!"

Miss Keegan—"Good! Does youth learn best from youth?"



FIRST SANTA CLAUS
AND NOW THIS!

MAN

WHO'S WHO UNDER THE DOME



PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 24

MAUREEN HANNIGAN



JOYCE VANDER BOGART

~ SHORT ~ STORIES

The Blue and Gold Angels

By Maureen Hannigan, '60



"ON my honor—" the soft sweet sounds of an eight-year-old gently echoed through the house. Friday afternoon again! Why, it just couldn't be! But it was. It had seemed like only yesterday that I had breathed the precious sigh of relief as seven energetic Cubs retreated back to their caves. There the awful truth boldly stood before me. Seven innocent youngsters clad in navy blue and gold were enough to convince me. Full of the old never-say-die Irish spirit in me I squared my shoulders and began the meeting by the usual pledge of allegiance. If Clarence hadn't "accidentally" attacked my lampshade with the point of the flag holder, everything would have started off fine. I shouldn't lose my temper, though, especially with Clarence. He tries so hard to please me. Last summer he volunteered to mow the grass for the reason-

able wage of fifty cents an hour. How was I to know it would take dear Clarence six hours to complete the job? It certainly wasn't his fault. The poor boy has a mental block, and I believe it would prove to be a serious emotional adjustment to put any pressure on him. As for the disappearance of my prize gladiola garden, everyone is entitled to one mistake—ever. Clarence.

The week's project at hand was to prepare a skit which would be presented to fourteen proud parents at the monthly "pack meeting." My suggestion of the Three Pigs was immediately rejected. Everyone wanted to be the big bad wolf! They heartily approved of the voyage of Columbus until I insisted we couldn't possibly use real water. Finally, after refereeing several "misunderstandings" and cleaning up a broken ash tray, we decided that a musical western was the thing. Mark appointed himself master of ceremonies. You see, Mark is the biggest and best fighter. Although this may seem undemocratic, it saves time and ash trays! I patiently hammered out, "Home On the Range" on the piano as seven golden voices chimed in. After twenty minutes of "where the deer and the antelope reign," I began wishing I were playing a harp miles away on good ole cloud nine. Two aspirins later our program was complete. The only problem that still faced me was the act of persuading young

men to masquerade as girls in the square dance. Other than this minor detail my troubles were over and fourteen happy parents would be the reward.

At least, I thought my problems were over. I looked hesitantly across the room. Wouldn't you know! Six young boys were neatly huddled around the "thinker." Charles had another "big idea." As the ruffled heads glanced toward me, Charles became the spokesman for the group. His plan was simple. Next Friday night the anxious families of Pack Twenty-five Cubs would see the biggest "amateur" spectacular ever presented—"The Three Pigs." Well, "you can't win them all," and it seems to me I never do, thanks to good ole Charles. I must not be bitter, though—"Boys will be boys."

The next activity on the agenda was game time. The choice of a game was unanimous—but I stubbornly put my foot down and insisted that I wouldn't be the "horse" this time and that we would play a nice quiet spelling game. There was little opposition and Charles was neatly tucked in the corner with two demerits for exhibiting his disapproval in an ungentlemanly fashion. Although my firm action may seem unwise and cruel, I believed my decision was well justified as I dug the goldfish out of my African violet. By the time I had finished resuscitating poor "Midge" and "Eddie", game time was over. I marched off into the kitchen with my famished regiment. I swallowed another tranquilizer as the hungry youngsters refueled on cookies and root beer. Things were running too smoothly, though, but Robert took care of that by spilling salt into Dennis's soda. Dennis cried and gasped for air as he mumbled something about being poisoned. It was a false alarm, however, and he recovered well enough to twist Robert's arm out of joint.

After wiping tears and salty root beer off the floor, I thought my smartest move would be to close the meeting. I herded the scouts together for the traditional friendship ring.

As they slowly repeated the cub scout oath I couldn't believe another meeting was almost over. I gave a sigh of relief as I buckled the last pair of galoshes.

Peace at last. I fell into the over-stuffed chair, drinking in the silence—but no, it just couldn't be! It was. Standing erectly in the corner was a little blue and gold figure. Poor Charles! How could I have forgotten? A little tear-stained face looked up to me and in an angelic voice he apologetically said, "I am awfully sorry about the fishes."

Well, if I wasn't another Simon Legree, no one was. I felt so guilty as he smiled goodbye with pockets filled with cookies. I was the lowest form of life. Hanging my head in shame, I returned to my over-stuffed chair. As I stared at the wall, pondering my unforgivable crime, my eyes fell upon a sign of art work on the wall. I slowly crossed the room to that fateful corner and vividly on the wall in red crayon was a message intended for me—"My Den Mother Is a Old Wich." Psychology or not, just wait until I get my hands on that ruffian. He is one blue and gold angel who is going to be grounded.

What do you want the Little Leprechaun to bring you?

BUNNY BURT—fairly hairy hairs for my fairly hairy ideas!

DICK BOLSTER—a complete book of green stamps.

BEVIE BRENT—a couple 800's on college boards.

CAROL VOLLENGER—a new wardrobe.

LINDA JENKS—a free trip to Tennessee.

BOB MCCLINTOCK—a B in French.

LOUISE WAXSTEIN—June 19th.

SUE MURPHY—co-education at Fairfield College!

LINDA ANDERSON—a one-way ticket to Williams.

PAT WETZEL—more talent for P.H.S.

MR. LATHROP—one experiment that works!

Calling Wind

By Susan Burt, '62



ONCE upon a time, long, long ago, there lived on Mount Olympus in Greece the king of gods, Zeus, and his wife, Hera. They had a beautiful child, Lucy, who was the fairest of all, with her dark, curling hair and soft, luminous eyes. Lucy had at her beck and call anything on Earth or on Mount Olympus. Hers were the sun, the sky and the sea, all the riches of gold and silver, turquoise and jade. She could have the love of any immortal on the Mount. She should have been contented, but Lucy was unhappy and sad.

For, through the silvery mists and fleecy clouds that shrouded Mount Olympus, the fair Lucy had glimpsed a fascinating place, full of laughter and grief, joy and sorrow, called Earth. This, Lucy knew, was her only chance for happiness—to live among those humble, but strangely wonderful human beings—to laugh with them, cry with them.

After gaining the consent and blessing of her saddened parents, Lucy descended onto the green plateau of Earth. She was bound under the promise of returning in the short time of one day. But Lucy was not worried.

With her eyes dancing with excitement, Lucy stepped onto the soft green mesh of forest grass. Earth had rolled out her welcome carpet.

An old shepherd stared in amazement as he saw a young woman of unearthly beauty emerge from the green forest. Tall and graceful, with her soft brown tresses and shining brown eyes, she was unlike anyone he had seen in all his long, rough years. There hung about her an air of supreme royalty, and yet of humble kindness. Awed, he snatched off his furry cap and bowed low. She smiled tenderly and raised her hand as though in benediction. As the old man slowly straightened up, his eyes followed the lithe young figure in the flowing white robe down the road.

Lucy next came to a small village. In the middle of the road played a small group of little boys and dogs. Lucy stopped, fascinated by the rowdiness, the fun, and the humor of those boys, and wondered at the teasing the dogs endured with wagging tails. She smiled with amusement at their antics, and slowly moved on her way. The children became quiet as she passed, and stared with wonder at her beauty.

Soon she came to a great lake, crystal-clear, pure as a maiden's love. The lake snuggled into the protective folds of the mountains and lovingly reflected the image of her guardians on her mirror-smooth surface. Lucy stopped and stared with sheer delight. A laugh, clear and light, tumbled forth from her lips, a laugh of pure joy. Finally, regretful to go, but anxious to see more of this Earth, she moved on.

Suddenly she came face to face with the fairest youth she had ever seen. Each stopped and stared. Slowly Lucy started to move on, but the young man gently took her arm,

whispered softly, "Let me show you more," and smiled.

For the rest of the day, they wandered about the beautiful Grecian country-side, becoming completely absorbed in one another, letting their eyes convey their new-found love.

But dusk was silently and menacingly creeping up on the radiance of the sun and Lucy's short visit. She told of her plight to Demetrius, who angrily and passionately declared that he would *not* let her go!

"Zeus, who had been tenderly watching his young daughter from his Olympian throne, was now enraged. He threw down a mighty thunder-bolt which had all the force of his anger behind it.

Zeus spoke gently and almost pityingly to his daughter and her mortal lover, bidding Lucy return to his Olympian kingdom, then condemning Demetrius to travel forever with the four winds about the world, never stopping, never resting.

But Demetrius has never given up his love for the fair Lucy, and you may, today, hear the bereaved Demetrius calling for his loved one, and if you listen *very* carefully, you may hear Lucy softly answering him.

MOOD

By Regina Belland, '61

A wave,
Cast off upon
the shore,
Will carve its abstract statues
On the sands of time,
And then rejoin the sea
once more.

A star
That's fallen from
on high
Will for one second gleam.
But men that looketh
toward the sky,
Just turn their heads
to dream.

SPLIT PERSONALITY



Can you guess who our split personalities are? — Hint — they're very popular students at P.H.S.!

??—!—??

Activities: Band, Orchestra, Choraleers, Teen-age Week in Review, homeroom representative.

Course: C.P.

Favorite foods at Friendly Ice Cream: 2 hamburgers and a strawberry awful-awful.

Outstanding Characteristic: Set of drums and guitar.

Activities: Band, basketball and other sports, homeroom representative, THE STUDENT'S PEN.

Course: C.P. Honors

Hobby: Diets.

Greatest Honor: Ninth grade officer.

Outstanding Characteristic: Cheery smile.
(answers on page 16)

STUDENT'S LAMENT

By Judith Oltsch, '61

The weather begs for playing
But I can't join the fun.—
I've tried and tried
But just can't seem
To get my homework done!

My Cousin Amanda

By Linda Winslow, '62

IT was a beautiful spring morning, not heavy or muggy as some mornings in the country are wont to be. I was thoroughly enjoying the luxury of lying in bed in Cousin Amanda's comfortable guest room, listening to the gay birds twittering outside the window, and meditating upon the delightful advantages of having a cousin who owned a palatial country estate. A hearty rap upon the guest room door interrupted my thoughts and as I pulled the covers about my ears and turned my back to the door, I felt rather guilty for having let myself think of exploiting my cousin's hospitality.

The next moment Amanda had burst into the room and the whole atmosphere seemed to undergo a complete change. Where there had been serenity and an air of blissful indifference, there was now hectic turmoil and utter confusion nurtured by Amanda's booming voice and domineering appearance. I also realized, as she bustled across the room to draw open the curtains, that Cousin Amanda possessed an inherent gift for doing something wrong, no matter where she was, within a very short time. Halfway through her clumsy charge across the room, Amanda was halted by a sudden crash, followed by the tinkling of glass from the region of the dressing table.

"Oops! There I go again!" she mumbled good-naturedly. "Seems as how my elbows are always juttin' out at the wrong time."

I wriggled uncomfortably beneath the blankets, wondering what had been the casualty. Amanda must have taken my movement as an indication of awakening, for she directed herself to the bed, although I stubbornly refused to come out of hibernation.

"Twarn't much, dearie," she said in her now-don't-be-angry-with-me-tone. "Only one of them pretty little par-fume bottles."

Instantly apprehensive, I allowed my nose to steal tentatively out of hiding to detect the seriousness of the loss. I groaned inwardly, for the scent which assailed my nostrils was that of my twenty-dollar bottle of Chanel. She *would* break the most expensive bottle on the table! Amanda, detecting my concealed rage, attempted to assuage my feelings.

"Anyway, dearie, I've an exciting adventure planned for your first day in the country."

Something in her voice made me suspicious, and I flung off the blankets with vehemence, intending to fix her with a commanding glare. Instead I looked at her and gasped, longing to crawl back under the blankets and pretend it was all a dream—or rather, a nightmare. Cousin Amanda was dressed in a striking black side saddle habit which hung in folds from her robust figure, and the toes of two well-polished riding boots peeped out from beneath the skirt. But it was her hat which really fascinated me. In plain English, it was a monstrosity; in fact, I strongly suspect that she sewed ten-pound weights into the hem of her skirt in order to maintain a vertical position. The brim, black and at least four feet in diameter, contrasted with the brilliant red crown and hideous purple band into which a striking orange artificial flower had been stuck.

Recovering from the initial shock, I was able to grasp the significance of the situation—Cousin Amanda's "adventure" might, by less tactful people, be termed "horseback-riding." Reading my thoughts, Amanda said sweetly, "It'll be great fun, dearie. We'll ride all over the countryside. It's so exhilarating! Really it is!"

She stressed this point, but I was unimpressed and, I might as well admit, more than

a little frightened. Why, the very thought of riding gave me a queer, sick feeling. Amanda couldn't mean it. I, who get dizzy just riding a merry-go-round nag, actually sitting on a real, live, ferocious horse? Why it was sheer madness! I learned one thing that morning, however; whatever Amanda wants, Amanda gets! She brushed aside my protestations of lumbago, rheumatism, gout, migraine, oncoming mumps, measles, etc., as pure "hog-wash." I was doomed, but at least I won one point. There were no more side saddle habits available, so Amanda was obliged to outfit me in jodhpurs; a fact which somehow gave me a little comfort. I would feel safer having the horse between my knees rather than being precariously mounted on a flimsy sidesaddle.

All too soon, Amanda ordered our horses brought around to the front. After swallowing an aspirin to dispel the butterflies in my stomach, I grimly allowed myself to be boosted to the top of a huge mount whose name, Amanda informed me, was Humphrey. About that ride "o'er hill and dale" I can only write what you, dear feminine reader, would consider more gruesome than a horror movie. All I shall say is, that by the time we had returned the butterflies in my stomach had gotten up a ping-pong match with the aspirin I had swallowed.

Upon this unhappy note I fear I must end this narrative, having left what I consider a gracious letter to my hostess explaining the suddenness of my departure to the jungles of South Africa. But I shall have to hurry, for I am uncertain as to how well that drainpipe outside the window will bear my weight. Even if I have to dive from the window using my pajamas as a parachute, I must escape now, for I just glimpsed the voluptuous figure of my esteemed cousin toiling up the stairs in an outrageous, yet very convincing, mountain-climbing outfit.

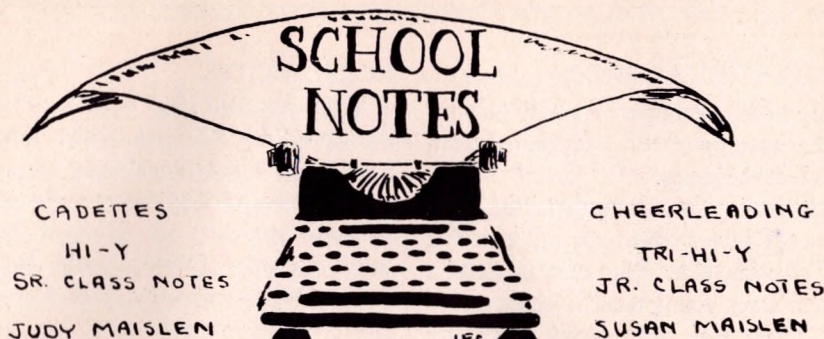
ANSWER TO SPLIT PERSONALITY

1. Jay La Plante, '61
2. Joanne McGovern, '62

INVENTORS! TAKE NOTICE!

We received such overwhelming response from our last column that we have compiled a new list for all you ingenious students. Needed:

1. Shovel size silverware and longer lunch periods for students who buy hot lunches and have five minutes to eat it in. Suggested by 499½ Starving Stomachs.
2. Memory string for Junior Class Treasurer and Sub-Treasurer who forget their class dues. Suggested by Judy Martino and Marie Cimini.
3. Hand warmers to plug into cars. Suggested by Art Sturgis and George Slocum.
4. Automatic homing device on a certain wandering notebook. Suggested by Mr. Lathrop.
5. Pocket-sized St. Bernard to keep track of desk keys and eye glasses. Suggested by Miss Murphy.
6. Noise maker equipped mops for New Year's Eve floor moppers. Suggested by Claire Conway.
7. A basket to catch books falling in the middle of North Street. Suggested by Chris Scelsi.
8. Larger apples for modern William Tells. Suggested by Mo Connolly.
9. Stereophonic whistles for Junior and Senior referees. Suggested by Miss McCaffrey.
10. Element chaser-uppers. Suggested by Mr. Leahey.
11. "Smart pills" for Honors Students. Suggested by Honors Teachers.
12. Ivy League crutches and a "Broken Bones Club." Suggested by Pam Roots, Dudley Sanford, Jeff Ranier, Denise LeGault and many others.
13. Lessons in German wolf whistling. Suggested by Jim Hickey.
14. Contact lenses marked "right eye" and "left eye." Suggested by Judy Hermann.



P.H.S.-St. JOE RALLY

On January 7, the students of P.H.S. held a rally in the school auditorium. Dick Bolster was the master of ceremonies. Coach Moynihan spoke on behalf of our team, and Mr. Hennessey predicted the final score of the game. After co-captains Bob Butler and Walt McHendry spoke, Mike Mancivalano sang a cheer for Pittsfield. The rally was a success and so was the game; for we won 53-51 in a spectacular fashion against our old rival St. Joe's.

Gail Heidel and Pamela Hebert with the help of the jayvee cheerleaders decorated the auditorium for the rally.

P. H.

JUNIOR CLASS OFFICERS

The Junior Class of 1959-60 is off to a good start, having elected its class officers, student council members, and most of its committee members. The class officers are Gerald Terpak, president; Bruce Thompson, vice-president; Christine Shelsy, secretary; Gayle Root, treasurer. The co-chairmen of the Ring Committee are Gail Munson, Linda Shalett, and James Hickey; of the Junior Prom, Mary Collins and Richard Petruzella; of the Goodwill Committee, Sarah Henry and Arthur Sturgis; and of the Election Committee, Connie Shorey and Ronny Rash.

Juniors elected to the Student Council were Mary Jane White, secretary; Phyllis Page, Gayle Root, James Hickey, Paul O'Gara, and Gary Soldato.

M. A.

S. A. S. ASSEMBLIES

Selections from "The Music Man," "My Fair Lady" and "Oklahoma!" were the highlight of an organ concert recently given by Kenneth Goodman. Using the Conn organ with two loudspeakers for a high fidelity set-up, he has played throughout the United States and Europe. One of the older instruments, the organ is also one of the most versatile. It can imitate almost every other instrument, as well as produce a distinct tone of its own. Mr. Goodman demonstrated this by playing selections ranging from a fast march to a stately hymn.

The movie and television veteran, Jim J. Lynch entertained us recently. Colorfully dressed in an orange shirt, he humorously told the story of archery. Demonstrations followed. When Jim shot an arrow with a sling shot, Dave Giddings and Dave Chapman caught it. After an explanation of the method used to shoot a crossbow, Mo Connolly and Susan Leslie experimented. Mr. Lynch climaxed the assembly by shooting at moving targets, throwing long staple-like darts into a board.

P. C.

PRINT SHOP ON DISPLAY

Can girls print better than boys? We certainly hope that you went up to the library during the week of January 25 to find out. Our print shop held a very interesting display during that week. The material on hand proved very informative and the boys very capable of answering questions.

W. R.

THE VOCATIONAL SHOPS

In this issue we hope to instill in your minds the meaning of three of the most important of all the shops.

Do you have a sick car? A car is like a person; it needs to be taken care of, and if it isn't it becomes sick. The auto mechanics course trains our young men to become auto doctors. These boys are trained to fix any part of an automobile's engine. Just recently our city's future mechanics received a new set of tools for the repair of transmissions.

How is the body of your car holding up? Is it rusted out and dented? Does it need a new paint job? The auto body shop is specifically designed to train our young adults to fix such deficiencies in the body of an automobile. Under the skillful direction of Mr. Joseph Molitor these boys have repaired damage done to many a car.

The drafting department is probably the most educational of all shops; it deals with the training of young engineers. It goes deeper into the drawing section than does the technical course and covers less of the academic work, such as the languages. These boys have a chance to further their education and become technologists, detailers, engineers, and some day, perhaps, designers. Along with the finest equipment, these boys have just recently received new drafting desks to help make it the best of the vocational shops.

RETAIL SALES NEWS

The Retail Sales Class held a Valentine Party for the Coolidge Hill School, February 9. Entertainment was provided by Jay La Plante, and refreshments served.

The committees on the rules and regulations booklet will start making their reports within the next two weeks.

Everyone in the class handed in a report on their Christmas work project. (Students worked full time during the month of December). Everyone agreed that this training was very beneficial.

C. H.

MUSIC NOTES

Eight Pittsfield High School students have auditioned for All-State, which was held in Springfield. They have already been accepted at the Western Massachusetts District. These talented students are Edward Broderick, band; Dorothy Dow, Donald Baker, and Bruce Cobb, orchestra; Jack Cassidy and Diane Wicker, chorus.

C. H.

SCIENCE CLUB

The Pittsfield High School Science Club is in the midst of a very successful season. The fourteen-member club toured the General Electric Ordnance Department, and saw the centrifugal force barrel. Recently, Mr. May, an engineer at the Pittsfield General Electric, addressed the club on the subject of crystals. On January 22, the Science Club toured the General Electric Co. in Schenectady, N. Y.

C. L.

SENIOR CLASS ACTIVITIES

The first senior activity of 1960 was the "Dave Osborn Revue," held in the P.H.S. Auditorium on January 15. Kay Reagan and Jon Gross were the chairmen. Those chosen to head the Senior Class Prom were Donna Daly and Bob Ramsey. Rick Gladstone and Pam Sloper were chosen head of the senior banquet. The class day chairmen are Bunny Bookless and Bryan Pepper. Bob Guerrina and Judy Maislen were elected co-chairmen of "Brigadoon."

D. Q.

SONG OF MECCA

By Marie Lingoski, '60
White-spined minarets
pierce the heavens
Pointing through
the cloudless sky.
Through the morning
quietude
Sounds the lonely,
praying cry
Of a voice singing loud
In a loving act of faith.

TRI-HI-Y

Activities are really swinging at the Y.M.C.A. this year. All of the Tri-Hi-Y clubs have been very busy, especially for the holidays. They made Thanksgiving and Christmas baskets, gave to the Santa Toy Fund, and worked for the Salvation Army, the March of Dimes, and the Pennies for Polio drives.

In the fall they attended officers training and youth and government classes.

ALPHA-HI-Y

Alpha has been kept busy by making puppets and putting on a puppet show for the crippled children. The officers are Carol Gromatski, president; Carol Lloyd, vice-president; Gloria Passerini, secretary; Martha Geary, treasurer; Carol Scieniewski, chaplain.

BETA-HI-Y

Beta worked hard on the Sno-ball dance under the direction of Maureen Connolly, president; Helen Armstrong, vice-president; Beverly Brent, secretary; Lynne Zaccarrini, treasurer; Jean McEnery, chaplain; Sandra Choquette, warden.

DELTA-HI-Y

Delta has held several splash parties at the Y.M.C.A. for their members. Delta officers are Beverly LaBoda, president; Jacqueline LaSage, vice-president; Kathleen Marby, secretary; Christine Cimini, treasurer; Patricia Mancivalano, chaplain-warden.

GAMMA-HI-Y

Gamma has really showed a great deal of enthusiasm with their adopted child that they took on again this year. These are their officers: Kathleen Reagan, president; Sandra Case, vice-president; Pamela Sloper, secretary; Sandra MacDonald, treasurer; Joan Rhinehart, chaplain; Joan Condron, warden.

OMEGA-HI-Y

Omega was really on a hot streak as they made and sold fire extinguishers this year. The officers which they chose are Harley "Bing" Shepardson, president; John Frick, vice-president; David Conant, secretary; Doug Stiffler, treasurer; Fred Chambers, chaplain.

PHI-HI-Y

Phi sold buzz books again this year and have gone on several roller skating and bowling parties. The officers of Phi are Douglas McDowell, president; Steven Cottrell, boys' vice-president; Kathleen Burke, girls' vice-president; Shirley Albright, secretary; Linda Cunningham, treasurer; Barbara Anderson, chaplain.

SIGMA HI-Y

Sigma sold the traditional football tags this year and also made gifts for all the hospital trays. Sigma members have chosen the following officers: Gayle Root, president; Melanie Douillet, vice-president; Rosemary Cullinan, secretary; Nancy Walker, Treasurer; Mary Jane White, chaplain; Judy Deltort, warden.

THETA-HI-Y

Theta distributed about six Thanksgiving and Christmas baskets for the holidays under these officers: Pamela Greaney, president; Sandra Pike, vice-president; Jane Hoffman, secretary; Carol Kubica, treasurer; Pamela Vanasse, chaplain.

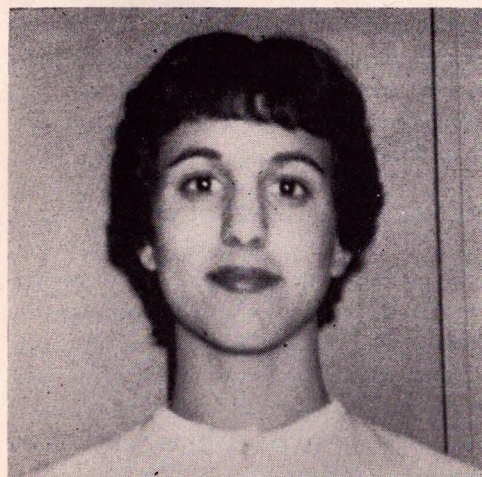
ZETA-HI-Y

Zeta marketed the P.H.S. banners and worked with Beta on the Sno-ball dance under the following officers: Sally Frissell, president; Barbara Quay, vice-president; Bonnie Wigglesworth, secretary; Nancy Gardner, treasurer; Elaine Knox, chaplain-warden.

Good luck to the Tri-Hi-Y's and the great work we know they will continue to do.

C. B. and P. C.

? ! WHO'S



PAT MANCIVALANO

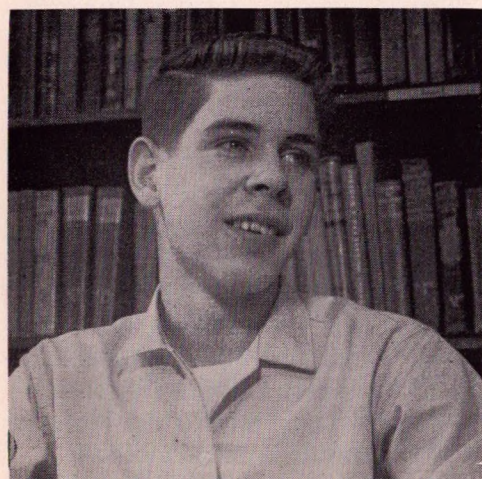
Meet the popular and versatile Patricia Mancivalano. Pat, a commercial course senior and prospective secretary, has been very active throughout high school.

This year, her activities include: a senior Cadette officer, a homeroom representative, co-chairman of publicity for the Dave Osborne Revue, and a member of the Cap and Gown Committee.

In her junior year, Pat was a homeroom representative and a member of the Junior Prom decorating committee. J. H.

KATHLEEN BURKE

This year, as in the past, affable Kathie Burke has a busy schedule as a Cadette officer, a member of the Pep Club, and the G.A.A.; and a member of THE STUDENT'S PEN and yearbook staff. Last year Kathie was vice-president of the United Students' Fund and this year she is president. She is also vice-president of Phi-Hi-Y. Bowling is among Kathie's favorite sports. R. B.



JERRY FREELAND

Fore! Look out for the golf ball . . . Crash! ! There's that golf-crazed senior, Jerry Freelander. "Mr. Jer," (as he secretly likes to be called), practices his swing in winter by serving as "Capt. Jer" on the P.H.S. Hockey Team. And he's as fast on the ice as he is accurate on the green!

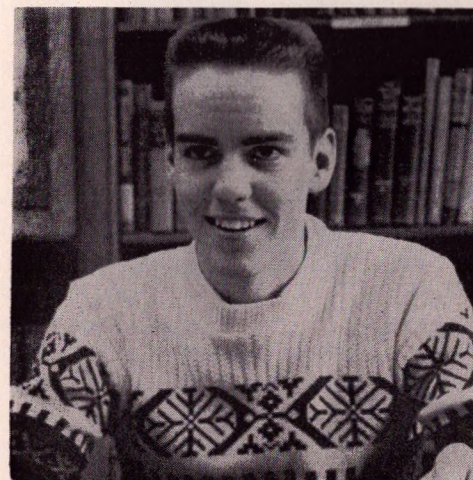
As a junior he was on the Ring Committee and is currently on the Cap and Gown Committee. Jerry considers Honors English an important part of his College Prep program. Here he comes again . . . Fore! D. D.

WHO ! ?

LINDA CASTAGNETTI

One of the active members of the Senior Class is Linda Castagnetti. In her junior year, Linda was co-chairman of the decorating committee for the Junior Prom and Art Editor of THE STUDENT'S PEN. This year, besides being a Cadette, a member of Pep Club, and a member of the G.A.A. Board, she is on the Senior Class Council, Co-Art Editor of THE STUDENT'S PEN and Art Editor of the yearbook.

Scholastically, Linda is doing well at P.H.S. She has been on the honor roll, and has received a letter of commendation from the National Merit Scholarship Board. M. J. W.



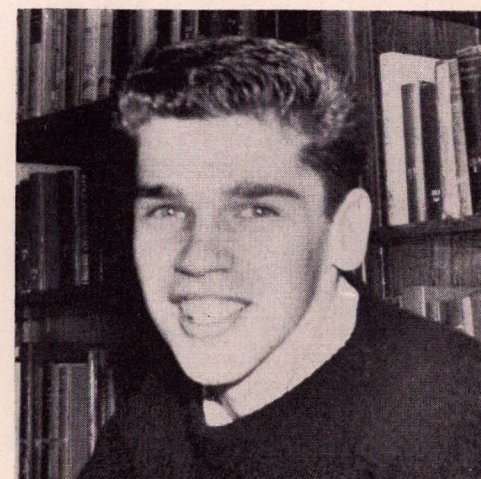
MIKE MANCIVALANO

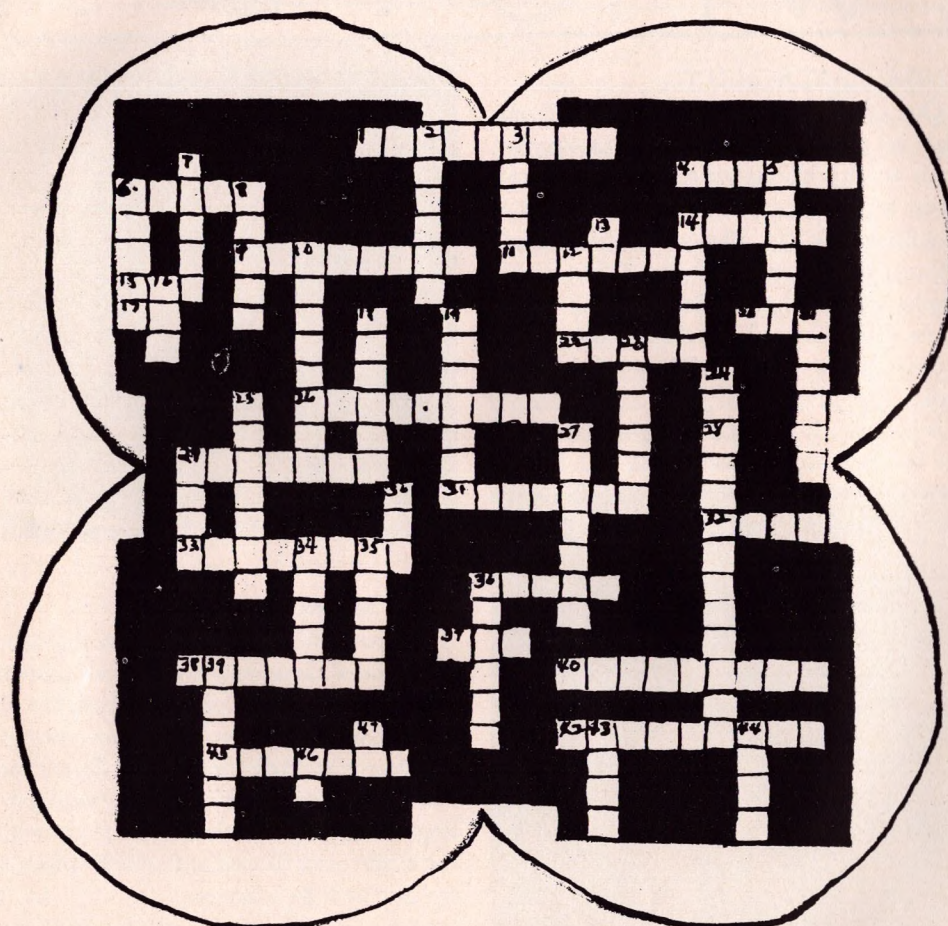
"Cutest Boy," that's Mike Mancivalano. He is one of the stars of the P.H.S. basketball team, and Mike also plays baseball. He was on the Ring Committee in his junior year and this year is on both the Student Council and the Class Council. His favorite subject is English. After graduation, Mike plans to take the Apprentice Course at the G. E. where we are sure he'll be a success. M. C.

CASSIUS JOHNSON

Introducing the friendliest senior boy, "Cass" Johnson. In addition to serving as vice-president of the Student Council, "Cass" is an active member of the yearbook staff, and is co-chairman of the Cap and Gown Committee. Last year he was a member of the Student Council. When he graduates, Cass would like to take a pre-medical course, and continue in the medical profession.

J. M. P.



Crossword Puzzle *By Sheila Conti '62*

QUESTIONS

ACROSS

1. Equipped
4. An Israelite judge of great strength
6. Thief (slang)
9. — said "Know thyself"
11. Guess
14. Vertical (carpentry)
15. A signal of distress
17. A Quaker president (init.)
20. "Poor Richard's Almanac" (init.)
22. A flight of fancy
26. A collection
28. Anne Frank's father (f. name)
31. To nourish

DOWN

32. A sign
33. "— in Blue"
36. To pick out
37. A joke characteristic of Shakespeare
38. Movement by pseudopods
40. A founder
42. A triangle having two equal sides
45. A large body of troops
2. Rescind
3. 2nd largest state in union
5. Keep at or below boiling point
6. A coarse, heavy linen fabric

7. — were defeated at Tours
8. Japan's prime minister (last N.)
10. Talk
12. Perception (pl.)
13. Author of *Life at Happy Knoll* (init.)
14. Hero of Lake Erie (last name)
16. A unit of resistance
18. A dead body
19. A famous American poet (last name)
21. River containing the largest volume of water in the world
23. To place or settle
24. To predict

25. Opposite of regular clergy
27. W. Somerset —
29. To scorch
30. Sly
34. An animal created by Al Capp
35. A religious man in ancient Britain
36. A South American cowboy
39. Gloomy
41. Author of *Pickwick Papers*
43. To scrutinize
44. — Jim by Joseph Conrad
46. Author of English novels (init.)

ANSWERS ON PAGE 23

CASEY'S COLUMN

Here I am again with the joyful news that there are only 64 more days until summer vacation! Meanwhile . . . Bunny Burt loses her lunch every morning at her locker . . . Carolyn Green uses red Kleenex! . . . and Biff Bonnivier stands on chairs because he doesn't feel like sitting. Common cry of homeroom 202, "Hey, Bob Butler! Go to the game last night?" . . . I think someone should solve the mystery of Mr. Brophy's disappearing window pole . . . Fred Chambers! How can you sleep through "Dixie"? . . . Mr. Lathrop probably expressed the sentiments of most of the teachers on the afternoon of January 14th when he asked, "And how many in this class are Maplewooding?" . . . Ronand Janis copied a composition and signed it, "copied from —" . . . Weam Katz thought the Matterhorn was in Nevada—it wrecked her plans for mountain climbing . . . So Linda Jenks won't be publicly embarrassed any more—Pittsfield has an F in it! . . . and then there's Sarah Davis who (watch out, boys) takes judo lessons! . . . Mary Jane McGovern, have you started your P.G. in self-control yet? . . . Miss Millet was describing the French way of packing peanut butter in tubes—so Stanley Borke asked the inevitable, "Do they put tooth paste in jars?" . . . Nine words to Rhoda Pomerantz—read the instructions carefully before you ever do anything . . . Bev Search has been called everything from Bertha and Beatrice to Miss Strange, by her teachers . . . Linda Castagnetti, the girl who salts apples . . . Rick Gladstone! Is there or is there not natural law? . . . But Oedipus, she's old enough to be your mother—says the Honors English Class . . . Doris Buckley: Haven't you been doing your German? People don't sit on goldfish ponds . . . I hear Judy Hermann lost her contacts again! She wanted to see if she could swim underwater, and stuck her head in a sink full of water. . . Has anyone seen Peter Brazeau in class lately?

. . . I suggest P.H.S. provide "locker ladders" for short people like Linda Schreck who cannot reach the top of her locker . . . Sally Frisell—how do you spell B-E-A-T? . . . Three cheers for Dolores Ziemanski's *tricky* red blouse . . . Larry Williams had a scheme for saving a parking space until one Monday when he found a sign on his steering wheel, "Saltonstall was here" . . . Jackie Mackie is looking for a book, "How to Improve Your Bowling" . . . Carole Allen is trying to start a new fad, but *pink bedsox*, Carole? . . . Mo Connolly has her own ideas on semi-formal attire . . . Dennis Kelley's school bus arrives rather late, 1:30 on one day . . . Jean McNally should look before she leaps. Pontoosuc Lake gets mighty cold this time of year . . . Miss Murphy answered her room phone, paused, and then replied, "Sorry, wrong number!" . . . Mo Connolly's so active she gets basketball and volleyball mixed up . . . Carol Lessor frantically throws her books in her locker, grabs her boots and gets halfway down the hall before she remembers her coat . . . Doug Gross wants a course in ballet. Any brave teachers? . . . Is there a room whose blackboard doesn't have Sharone written on it? . . . Mr. Donaghue's red sweater certainly brightens up a dreary day . . . 'Til the dome falls, I'll be watching you!

Sean O'Casey

ANSWERS TO CROSSWORD PUZZLE

ACROSS

1. Accoutred
4. Samson
6. Crook
9. Socrates
11. Surmise
14. Plumb
15. SOS
17. H. H. (Hoover)
20. P. R. A.
22. Sally
26. Repertory
28. Otto
31. Nurture
32. Omen
33. Rhapsody
36. Glean

DOWN

2. Cancel
3. Texas
5. Simmer
6. Crash
7. Moors
8. Kishi
10. Converse
12. Rays
13. J. N.
14. Perry
16. Ohm
18. Corpse
19. Whitman
21. Amazon
23. Locate
24. Prognostic
25. Secular
27. Maugham
29. Sear
30. Coy
34. Schmoo
35. Druid
36. Gaucho
39. Morbid
41. C. D. (ickens)
43. Scan
44. Lord
46. G. E. (liot)

NEW STUDENTS

MAAJA SILDOJA

Meet Maaja Sildoja, a popular junior in the College Preparatory Course. Maaja originally came from Estonia, a little country that is a member of the United Soviet Socialist Republic. She is active in girls' sports; her favorite sport is volleyball. Maaja is a clever artist. Perhaps you have seen her posters around the school. She is talented in languages also. She speaks Estonian, English and a little German and is studying French.

Her one big pet peeve is *people who ask her if she bleaches her hair.*

Maaja's future plans include college, and then teaching. Good luck to a talented student!

G.B.



JENNIFER MacKENZIE

"The girls at P.H.S. are so friendly!" says Jennifer MacKenzie. Jenny, a new student from Chiswick, a suburb of London, came to America because it is the "land of opportunities." Since her arrival by plane she has not yet developed any dislikes of P.H.S. She says her pet peeve is people who whistle. She is a sophomore and is taking the C.P. course and likes her German class best of all. The gym department will certainly be seeing a lot of Jenny as she likes all sports, especially swimming. We have already noticed her enthusiasm at rallies and are pleased to welcome her to P.H.S.



THE ARTIST

By Marie Lingoski, '60

Vibrant colors flow throughout this moving realm

Within and o'er the massiveness of earth,
And nothing that God's nature has enshrined
Is lacking in the mood of peace and mirth.

Man's eye can pick a thousand lovely tones
And try to match their flavor with a brush,
But he can only copy the great art
That has been painted by The Master's touch.

ANSWERS TO WHO'S WHO UNDER THE DOME

Top—L-R: Sandy Choquette, Doris Buckley, Jon Gross, Walt McHendry, Biff Bonivier, Stubby Bingham, Bev Brent, Bob McClintock, Jackie Mackie, Pete Brazeau, Doug Gross, Mike Mancivalano, Frank Mlynarczyk, John Sottile, Dick Bolster, Susie Maislen, Cass Johnson, Linda Castagnetti, Judy Maislen, Mo Connolly, Judy Brosseau, Bill Kowalczyk.



VOLLEYBALL

The season's over, the scores are in, and the seniors were victorious once more! Nevertheless, the tournament seemed quite unpredictable at the onset, for at first the sophomores beat the juniors; then the juniors beat the seniors; and in the third game the seniors beat the sophomores. In the second half the seniors picked up to assure their victory.

The senior champions are Co-captains Bev Brent and Mo Connolly, Donna Arpante, Linda Castagnetti, Sandy Choquette, Paula Collins, Donna Daly, Myra Henneborn, Rosalie Krol, Cathy Lancia, Barb Quay, Kay Reagan and Pam Sloper.

The second place junior team was made up of Co-captains Ann Gogan and Judy Martino, Mary Arpante, Nina Ballardini, Ann Bates, Dorothy Droshen, Denise LeGault, Joan Meacham, Gayle Root, Linda Rohlfs, Lucille Rohlfs and Rosemary Trepacz.

The sophs included Co-captains Linda Winslow and Mardi Williams, Claire Bosma, Sheila Conti, Judy Francis, Diana Hart, Sue Leslie, Edna Mitchell, Ginny Robaire, Bev Richards and Bonnie Zink.

The schedule follows:

Jan. 4—Sophomores	38	Juniors	32
Jan. 5—Juniors	43	Seniors	30
Jan. 6—Seniors	47	Sophomores	23
Jan. 8—Seniors	47	Juniors	26
Jan. 11—Juniors	36	Sophomores	29
Jan. 13—Seniors	30	Sophomores	25
		M. A.	

AS THE BALL BOUNCES

Warning: to all those who have come in contact with Jackie Le Sage. *She may have the mumps!*

Dior has nothing on our G.A.A. president who suggested to the senior Cadettes that they wear blue jeans and basketballs to the G.A.A. Dance.

Did Miss "Mac's" eligible date list for the G.A.A. dance help anyone?

Paula Collins must be made more conscious of our basketball team—when they're practicing in the gym, that is.

Is there another meaning to the initials G.A.A., Mo?

Team 4 of the Round Robin basketball tournament would like to thank Claire Bosma of team 3 for that two extra points. Claire completely forgot that she was a guard.

Sally Frissell has added a touch of color to the girls' locker room with her red bloomers.

K. B. and P. C.

G.A.A. NOTES

During this semester the G.A.A. has put on more social than athletic activities. Saturday, February 6, the G.A.A. sponsored an Invitation Dance for members and their guests. In the middle of February they had a skating party on the rink behind the high school. As last year, they sold basketball tags with the varsity's pictures on them, which are very popular with the students.

S. C.

BOWLING

Crash! Bang! I jumped in spite of myself. The crash was from a ball hitting some pins and the bang was from the pins hitting the floor. The location was at the Pastime Alleys and I saw many girls I knew there. What was going on?

After consulting a person-in-the-know, I found out. Two hundred and twenty-five girls from all grades at P.H.S. make up 36 teams which bowl on one of four days each week.

This very popular activity will be going on for twelve weeks, at the end of which the high daily teams will have a final roll-off. The winners will receive trophies. The teams placing second through fourth will be awarded medals.

B. G.

MEET THE STUDENT FACULTY

The Girls' Physical Education Department has been very fortunate the past few months by having two student teachers from Springfield College supplementing the program. As a part of their curriculum, these girls have to spend a term practice teaching. They not only gain valuable experience themselves, but also give Miss "Mac" and Miss Morgan a rest by taking over some of the classes.

Miss Doris McCaffrey was here during basketball season, and made quite a hit with her "Swish Club" and "Thimk Campaign." She liked it so much at P.H.S. that she hopes to get a job in the Berkshires. We wish you all the luck in the world, Miss McCaffrey.

During March the students were "tumbling" around, and becoming quite expert on the apparatus under the capable direction of our second practice teacher, Miss Luise Schnaars. She's quite adept at synchronized swimming; she does a solo number on the Springfield College Team. When she graduates she hopes to work in Bridgeport, Connecticut, and we wish her the best of everything.

M. C.

ROUND ROBIN

The Round Robin basketball tournament is now in full swing. Co-captains of the ten teams are Rose Staples and Rosalie Krol; Donna Arpante and Bev Brent; Donna Daly, Emily Logan and Barb Klimkewicz; Kay Reagan and Paula Collins; Barb Quay and Sally Frissell; Mo Connolly and Sue Roots; Sandy Choquette and Barb Chanen; Myra Henneborn and Sandy MacDonald; Pam Sloper and Marion Hashim; Linda Castagnetti and Mary Maston.

Team 9, co-captained by Pam Sloper and Marion Hashim, is the leading team. Teams 2 and 6 are runners-up in the tournament.

The guards should be commended for their good defensive play. Throughout the entire tournament, these girls have been doing fine work and they have helped their teams to victory.

A. B.

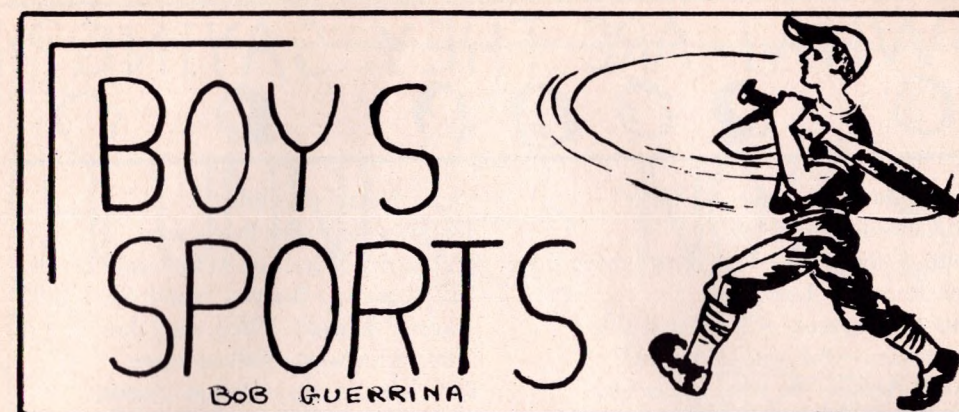
CADETTE VARIETY SHOW

On February 3 the Cadettes presented their third annual variety show to the students of P.H.S. The proceeds of our three hundred dollars went to the Cadettes' Scholarship Fund. The following students contributed a variety of entertainment: Sharon Posner, Mary Jane White and Sonia Keeler, Bob Guerrina, Judy Frances, Diane Wicker, Pat Mole and Donna Merletto, Jay and his Pals, Kay Reagan, the Gems, the Seniorettes, and the Cadettes. Congratulations to Miss "Mac" and Chairman Kay Reagan for a wonderful program!

N. A.

From the *Red and Black* comes the following tickler: Girl who has just fallen from the ropes: "Look, Ma, no teeth."

From *The Red and Black*: Chemistry teacher: "Jones, what does HNO_3 signify?" Jones: "Well, ah, err—I've got it right on the tip of my tongue." Chemistry teacher: "Well, you'd better spit it out. It's nitric acid."



SPORT QUIZ

As the baseball season will soon be upon us, this month's quiz will be devoted to the national pastime. Again, everyone is invited to enter. Entries may be submitted to Room 233 or Room 208. Winners will be announced in the next issue.

1. Who led the Major Leagues in home runs in 1959, and how many did he hit?

2. There have been many trades made during the off-season, resulting in many players changing teams. Match the players with the teams they will be playing for in 1960.

Tom Sturdivant	Chicago White Sox
Gene Freese	Boston Red Sox
Norm Sieburn	Kansas City Athletics

3. What batter led the Major Leagues in fewest times being struck out in 1959?

4. Who holds the Major League record for the most runs batted in for one season, and what is the record?

5. What is the only Major League ballpark in which no night games are played?

6. Who were the winning pitchers in the two All-Star Games in 1959?

7. In 1959, the Major League record of 18 strikeouts in one game was equaled. Who did it, what team does he pitch for, and against what team did he accomplish this feat?

8. What pitcher led the Major Leagues in won-lost percentage in 1959?

9. I am one of the oldest active players in the Major Leagues. I have played for the

Washington Senators, the Boston Red Sox, and the Milwaukee Braves. I had the distinction of winning the American League batting crown the only two times I ever batted over .300. Who am I?

10. I am also a veteran of many years in the Major Leagues. I have been a successful pitcher in both leagues, both as a starter and as a relief pitcher. I am the only pitcher ever to compile the lowest earned run average for a season in both the American and National Leagues. Who am I?

B. G.

TECH BOWLING LEAGUE

The Pittsfield High Tech Bowling League, which meets every Thursday afternoon at the Pastime Bowling Alleys, has completed its first half of competition. The six teams have gone through fifteen weeks of bowling and the Yankees have compiled the best record. The high bowlers thus far are Larry Rich, with a 103 average, and Bob Guerrina, who has a 101 average.

Beginning with the second half, the number of teams in the league were reduced from six to four. This was done in order to provide each team with a full roster, and to increase the competition. The winning team was kept intact, and the remaining bowlers were reshuffled to form three others. At the end of the second half, the winners of each half (providing the same team does not win both halves) will bowl for the league championships.

B. G.

WHAT ARE THEY SAYING?



BIFF BONNIVIER—I give up! What?
 MO CONNOLLY—I'll say!
 SANDY CHOQUETTE—Well, how about that?
 DICK BOLSTER—Love, too!
 EDNA CALDERELLA—I'll never tell!
 BOB BUTLER—Are you kidding me?
 NANCY AHERN—So what else is new?
 JUDY BROSEAU—M-m-m-m!
 BOBBIE GALLISON—It's different!
 DONNA EGGLESTON—But officer, I do have a license!
 NANCY GARDNER—Oh joy, oh rapture!
 SALLY FRISSELL—Bad news!
 DAVID DONALDSON—I plead the fifth amendment.
 PETER BRAZEAU—Wing-a-ding!
 TOM BILIA—It's all over!
 TIM MANIATIS—Are you serious?
 MIKE MANCIVALANO—Talk about it later.
 BOB MCCLINTOCK—Cr-a-a-zy.
 JUDY GEORGE—Did he really??
 KATHY MARBY—Like . . . h-o-w?!
 BILL KOWALCZYK—An' a hel-lo to you, too.
 CASS JOHNSON—Holy mackerel! Phooey!
 DORIS BUCKLEY—Sar-dines!
 PATTY BERG—Cr-ud-dy.
 BEV SEARCH—Oh, I don't know!
 BEV BRENT—Man, like you ain't got no culture.
 LINDA CASTAGNETTI—Crack right up!
 TOM VARANKA—That's tough!
 BONNIE WIGGLESWORTH—Perhaps.
 DAVE GIDDINGS—Oh, Godfrey!
 GAIL MUNSON—Mornin'.
 JOAN RHINEHART—Vat's da uss?
 TOM GAGNE—Doin' it.
 DONNA MERLETTO—I'm impressed.
 PAUL O'GARA AND TERRI KEYES—Jokesies.
 NANCY WALKER—Don't push the panic button.
 GAYLE BUCKLEY—Fun and games!
 LINDA SHALETT—Oi ve!
 JUDI SWEENEY—For Pete's sake!
 CHARLOTTE WILLIAMS—Can't win 'em all.
 RED SOLDATO—See you 'round, like a ball.
 ARLENE ARIENTI—Well, shed three tears!
 LINDA SCULLARY—Tell me more.
 PETE MARCHAND—Coc! as a moose.
 SANDY CASE—Fine, fine.
 JOAN CONDRON—Faked me right out.
 GAYLE ROOT—I'm just spoofin'.
 PAT MOLE—You kiddin' me?
 DONNA WILKINSON—Thrills, chills, and spills.
 JEAN ALBERTAZZI—Co-o-cl!
 CLAIRE BUCKLEY—Aloha
 BILL BUTLER—Uh-h-h.
 JERI DIETRICH—Hardy-har-har.
 TOMMY BRODERICK—What???
 SUSAN BURT—Greshfenex.
 MIKE BROGAN—Nuts!!
 SUE LESLIE—Don't sweat the small stuff.
 DON BRUTNELL—Gosh-o-roody.
 JOANNE MCGOVERN—Drat!
 JEANNE BROWN—Gee Christmas.
 TOMMY WEIGAND—Not ag'in.
 MARCIA BEEHLER—Good Grief!
 SARA DAVIS—Sharks tails and fiddlesticks.
 JANET FALKOWSKI—I don't know.
 SUE BUCKLEY—Br-ruther!
 BERNIE CARMELL—Wicked.
 ELAINE FILKINS—Crack right up!!!
 PAT RICCI—Another day, another zero.
 SALLY CAMPOLI—That's Cool.
 SHEILA CONTI—Oh, darn it!!!
 GARY SITCER—Look Out!!!
 MARK BELANGER—You do it every time.
 LINDA VALLEE—Cu-u Coo-o.
 ANN MASON—I'm impressed.
 MARDI WILLIAMS—You lose!
 MARIETTE WHITEMORE—You know it!
 WYNNE EDWARDS—Holy mackerel, Andy!
 CHERYL FRAME—It's a laugh and a half.

ALUMNI NOTES



JUDY GEORGE

DONNA DALY

In some colleges controversy about sororities and fraternities has raged furiously. Are they unconstitutional or do they serve a good purpose? These questions are not easily answered, but we decided to ask P.H.S. alumni their opinions about this much disputed subject. In response to the question—"Do you feel that sororities and fraternities are conducive or detrimental to a successful college life?"—we received the following replies:

JIMMY QUIRK—Worcester Polytechnic Institute, '62—

"Fraternities are only as good as the people in them. The atmosphere of the 'house,' whether conducive or not to studying, will, in general, prevail on the brother. Since most fraternities are conscientious of their scholastic averages, studying is very highly encouraged."

CAROLYN GEORGE—Russell Sage, '63—

"Although we don't have sororities at Sage, the upperclassmen live in houses which are similar to those of sororities. Personally, I think they contribute to a successful college life. When you live in a house with about forty other girls, you get to know them very well. Whenever you have trouble in any subject, you are certain to find someone in the house who can and is willing to help you. There is a homelife atmosphere, also, that is lacking in a dormitory."

ART NIARCHOS—U. of Connecticut, '63—

"I do think that fraternities and sororities add to one's college life in many ways. They

induce students to attain high grades because of the keen competition between the various houses for scholastic honors. They also offer various forms of social entertainment for their members. I think this is an excellent idea, for persons in college need some sort of social life to counter-balance their many hours of study."

BARBARA LE BARNES—University of Massachusetts, '63—

"It depends upon the individual—at the U. of M. it doesn't really matter if you join a sorority because there are many wonderful kids in the dorms who don't join. However, I think that belonging to a sorority helps you to budget your time, is an excellent opportunity for a busy social life, and creates close friendships."

FRED COX—Duke, '63—

"The question of the value of fraternities and sororities is a common one here. Fraternities, on the whole, maintain very distant relations with one another. For instance, a Kappa Sigma man will know all his brothers, but will know very few fraternity men of another chapter. That is the main objection I have. Otherwise, they have so many good points that I can't wait until next semester to pledge."

ANN COUGHLIN—Smith, '63—

"Smith College uses the house system which is comparable to having sororities. The big difference is that *everyone* is included in the house system. That is the main objection

I have to sororities—everyone is not included. In most other aspects they are similar but with many other advantages.”

MATT COLLINS—University of Massachusetts, '63—

“I feel that sororities and fraternities are beneficial to a student's life on campus. Until a student joins one of these, he feels like just one of the mass. After joining, though, the student finds that he is needed and is depended on to make the house the very best one on campus.”

ELAINE BERNARDO—University of Massachusetts, '63—

“I feel that for most people sororities and fraternities are conducive to a successful college life—especially on a campus as large as this one. Belonging to such an organization gives you a circle of close friends who share your interests and ideals; that is, if you are careful in choosing the sorority which is right for you.”

BILL HOLT—Bates, '63—

“As Bates is a non-fraternity, non-sorority college, it is a difficult question for me to answer. However, from talking with friends, I would say that they can definitely contribute to a successful college life. They give an individual unlimited freedom and thus prepare him for a useful life. They also provide an opportunity for real friendships to develop.”

ELIZABETH HENRY—Mt. Holyoke, '62—

“I feel that fraternities and sororities may help new students to become an active part of the college social life, especially those students who have natural ability for leadership. But there are also many cases of social exclusion which can lead directly or otherwise to poor academic performance. I feel that students should decide upon a college with full knowledge of the fact that it does offer opportunities to join a fraternity or sorority. There is always the chance that a student will not be accepted into such a social group; and the individual must decide for himself whether or not he feels a rejection will spell detriment to his college life.”

TONY SOTTILE—Brown, '62—

“Both. If a person chooses the right fraternity for himself there is much to be gained. The wrong choice, on the other hand, could be very harmful. Therefore, the success or failure is not dependent upon the fraternity or sorority, but rather on the individual.”

J. G.

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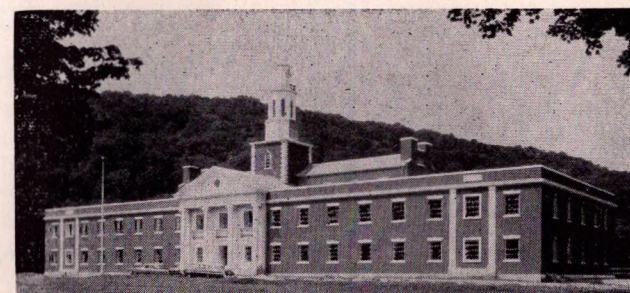
1. “Seven Little Girls Sitting in the Back Seat”—copying homework like a bunch of mad fools.
2. “Every Little Thing I Do”—seems to make me end up in Detention Hall.
3. “I Ain't Never”—gonna flunk English.
4. “Just Ask Your Heart”—because we know you don't have a mind.
5. “Hey, Little Girl”—don't roll up your skirt so high.
6. “OKE FENOKEE”—a new word we learned in Chemistry.
7. “Sleep Walk”—after a night of cramming.
8. “If I Give My Heart to You”—how will I get along without one?
9. “Poison Ivy”—scratch before it multiplies.
10. “Come On and Get Me”—says our fabulous varsity.

The up and coming songs:

“No Arms Can Ever Hold You”—after the 3:20 bell rings.

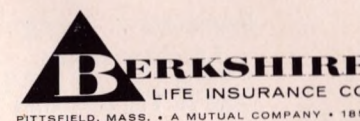
“Oh! My Pa-Pa”—will faint when he sees this report card.

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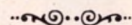
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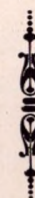
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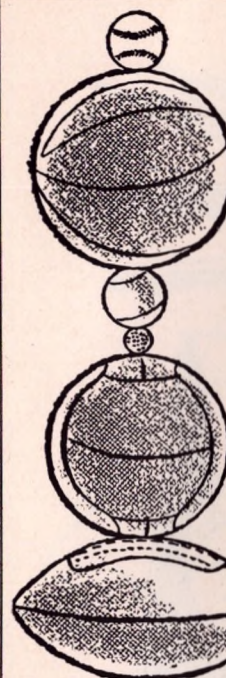
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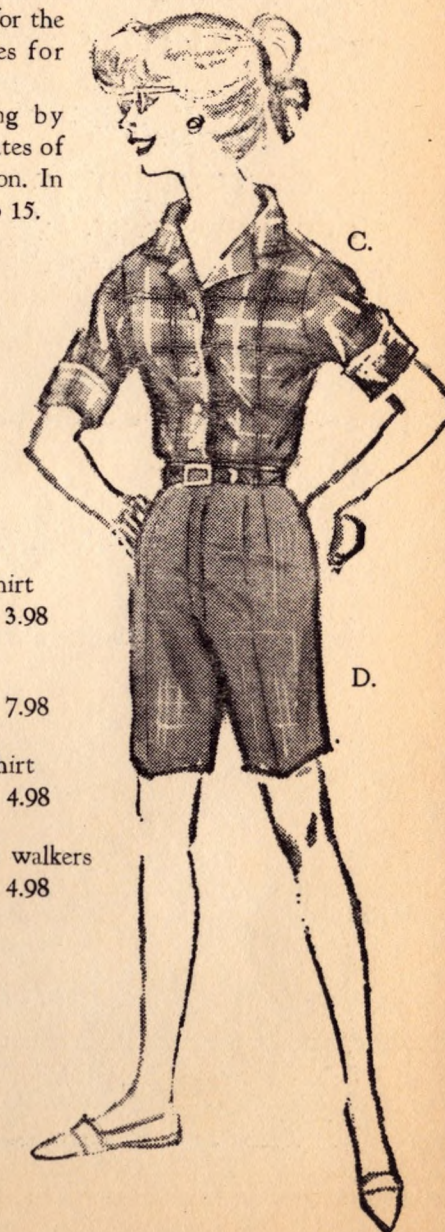
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